

THE WRANGELL SENTINEL

VOLUME 8, NUMBER 9.

WRANGELL, ALASKA, THURSDAY, MARCH 3, 1910

\$2.50 PER YEAR, 10c. PER COPY

Will License The Bow-wows

At their meeting tonight the town council will consider the passage of an ordinance forbidding the running at large of cattle and the like upon the streets of the town, and putting a tax upon every dog in the place. The move is a good one and should meet with the approval of the people of Wrangell.

Tuesday of this week, Charles Lott of Petersburg brought over the body of his daughter Etolin for interment in the cemetery here. The girl, 19 years of age, died of consumption, which had manifested itself while she was at school at Chemawa, Oregon.

Frank Churchill writes from McMinnville, Oregon that he is about to start for Wrangell.

Shortage of fuel is compelling the electric light plant to turn off the current at one o'clock these mornings.

Submarine Bells

Having equipped 48 of its light-vessels with submarine bells, the lighthouse board at Washington is considering the feasibility of giving Alaska navigators additional aids by placing these bells in northern waters, which are poorly buoyed and lighted. It is estimated that these bells can be installed for about \$4,500 each, and they are said to give good satisfaction.

Points in Southeastern Alaska, at present without any equipment, are recommended for the submarine bell, as follows: Ship island, Clarence strait, Wrangell harbor; Strait Island; Point Alexander, south end of Mitkof Island; Cape Strait, on the Lindenberg peninsula; Yasha island, southern end of Admiralty island; Turnabout island, Frederick sound; Midway island, Stephens passage; Marion island, southeast corner of Douglas island; Rock island, at junction of Lynn canal and Icy strait; Little island, in Lynn canal.—Railway and Marine News.

They Had One On Tom

Tom Dalgity arrived back from the states on a recent boat, whither he had gone as guard over blind Charley, the native recently adjudged insane. While in Portland Tom met a brother whom he hadn't seen for several years, and the brother of course being anxious to give him a good time, took him in tow to show him the sights. One of the places visited was the club of which the Portlander was a member. Tom was of course introduced to everybody in sight who vied with each other to make the Alaskan's visit agreeable. Tom accepted of their hospitality for a time and then concluded that it was up to him to "blow back."

"It's my turn now, gentlemen," said Tom, "have one on me." The waiter was called and informed that they were all to drink with the gentleman from Alaska. Out he went, and returned while Tom was telling one of his best stories. The latter had almost reached the climax of the story when he noticed that the waiter had returned and had placed a bottle of the best champagne before each one of the crowd. Tom doesn't remember whether he ever finished the story or not, as he started to figure out what the round of drinks would cost him, but he was game, paid the bill when it was handed to him, and was mighty thankful that he had bought a round trip ticket when he started.

Mill To Start

Just as soon as the weather breaks and the snow begins to melt, the local sawmill will start up for the season. There are several goodly sized orders now in, and the season promises to be a good one.

Notice

All bills and accounts due me I have placed in Charles Nelson's hands for collection, and a speedy settlement will oblige,

BRUNO GREIF.

Held Back By Bad Weather

Owing to the stormy weather, it took the steamer Antelope over four days to come up from Ketchikan, as she was returning from Judge Thomas' census taking trip, this last week.

Saturday it snowed sixteen inches in less than twenty hours, and that's going some.

Falls Overboard

Jim Hanson, a fisherman, arrived in town from Shakan on the last Uncle Dan, with the news that Sam Matthewson, the owner of the yawl Restless had fallen overboard and been drowned. It appears that the two men were on board the boat off Cape St. Albans, Kuiu Island, on February 10, with a gale blowing and a big sea running, when Matthewson slipped and fell overboard, and before his partner could heave the boat to, had disappeared, and though he tried his best, Hansen could not find him again. Seeing that he could do nothing there, Hansen put the boat before the wind and headed for Shakan but lost his direction and brought up under the lee of Seven Mile Point on Kosciuski Island, where he dropped his anchor. It held for a time, but the wind and seas increased, parting the cable, and the boat piled up on the rocks.

Hansen managed to reach the shore in safety, and later went to Shakan and reported the matter.

Incorporation Carries

Monday of this week, Petersburg held her first election, 62 votes being cast. Of these, 55 were in favor of incorporation, while seven were cast opposing the movement. The victory of those favoring incorporation, while expected, was much more complete than even the most sanguine had hoped for.

E. P. Refling received the greatest number of votes for councilman, and will in all probability be the first mayor.

Following is the list of the councilman elected.

O. P. Brown.
John Husby.
P. Jorgenson.
Dr. Lee Pryor.
E. P. Refling.
P. Summers.
John Thermosater.

Wm. Lewis, who was with Judge Thomas taking the census, was summoned home on account of the illness of his wife.



Stocktaking Sale

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Coats, Capes and
Corsets.**

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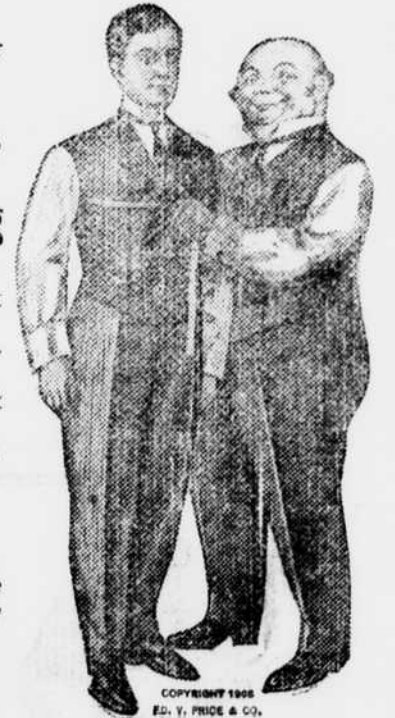
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Eugene Walter's
Great Play

IN

FULL

By
John W. Harding

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EUGENE WALTER.
Author of "Paid in Full" and "The Easiest Way"

In your pew," observed Smith, "we shall be several hundred feet nearer the other cherubs, listening to the sol-



"It's a treat to go walking with you. I know you love it."

emn anthems of the whispering pines. Yes, I said 'the solemn anthems of the whispering pines.'

"Jimmy, if I didn't know different I'd suspect you of being a poet. The next thing we know you'll be wearing your hair long and pouring out your soul in Supplic strophes, like—like Emma, here."

"I don't know that I've sampled that particular brand of strophes, and I ain't quite sure that I know just what strophes are, but if Emma thinks they are all right I'll stand for 'em."

"Oh, come on, Jimmy; don't listen to her nonsense," laughed Emma.

They started out briskly, Emma showing the way.

"Do you know, it's a real treat to go walking with you," she said. "I know you love it. I've heard you say so. Beth can't bear long walks, and, as for mother, she rarely goes farther than her piazza rocking chair. But I've dragged Beth about and learned every path through the woods to the summits and plateaus. This is the second summer I've been here, you know."

Deserting the beaten path, they ascended through forests of trees of every description, but as they proceeded along the path, in places ankle deep in wet moss, and pushed through underbrush that kept Smith busy breaking a way for his dainty but hardy and seemingly tireless companion they came into the fir region, amid hoary giants that shot sheer to such a height that they seemed to form pillars for the canopy of the heavens. Emma regarded the great trees with awe, but Smith laughed. He told her they were as saplings compared with the mighty trees of the west. He tried to describe these and became filled with the fever of immensity. The long unfeigned influence of the borderless prairies, the mammoth mountain chains far hung through the prodigious spaces of the sunset lands that diminished their proportions, was upon him. His soul strained to burst its tethers and soar upward into the infinite, where it could expand unrestrained. Burning words, never used, unimagined before in his unlettered mind, adequate to depict this liberated spirituality, surged tumultuously to his lips—to die there.

For the source of their inspiration, of this tremendous flight into the divine azure from his regulated role of the commonplace and coldly practical, was the woman at his side, the one being in the world who was dear to him and ever had been, whom he held in little less reverence than he did his Maker.

He broke off his description of the forest giants and vast freedoms of the west with a conclusion in his ordinary street surface language.

"But there—it's no use me trying to do any lecture platform stunts. I wasn't born with the gift of the gab. Emma, them things have got to be seen to be appreciated. There's no other way. You understand."

Yes, Emma understood.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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"Of course I came for that, Jimmy," he said, the anger gone from his voice. "But it's only natural I should ask for news of my family. You don't seem to think I have any rights or feelings. I am still Emma's husband, and it ain't because we've had a tiff that we're to be at cat and dog for the rest of our lives, I suppose."

"I haven't forgotten that you're Emma's husband, Joe, but the matter of your 'rights' is open to a difference of construction, and I'm entitled to my own opinion. I do consider it perfectly natural, however, that you should be curious about your family, and I've answered every question you've put to me except the last. I'm under promise not to disclose their whereabouts to anybody. That's why."

"Yes, you've answered my questions, but you've confined yourself to 'Yes' and 'No' as if you were a witness under cross examination."

He passed his hand over his eyes and sighed.

"It ain't like you, Jimmy," he continued. "It ain't like you a bit. I thought you at least wouldn't turn against me. He's a good man who never does anything wrong."

"That's right. I guess there are more men who do wrong and aren't found out than there are men who do wrong and are discovered, and I ain't in the business of heaving rocks at any man—certainly not at you."

"I'm glad to hear you say that. I've been living on the level ever since. You can believe me, Jimmy—ask the bank if my accounts ain't in order—and I'm going to keep straight too. What more can I do, except say I'm sorry? What more does anybody want me to do?"

"Nothing, I should think."

"You believe me, Jimmy?"

"Joe, I believe you're speaking the truth, and I hope with all my heart and soul you'll keep right on the way you're going. And, now you know how I feel about it, come right out and tell me what brought you here."

"I will, then. I want to know about Emma. It's a year now since she—since we separated, and I won't stand it any longer. I want her to come back to me. I simply can't do without her."

He looked at Smith expectantly, but the phlegmatic Jimmy made no remark. "You see them often. Do they ever speak about me?"

"They have never mentioned you in my presence since the night Emma left you."

"I never believed Emma would snik so long. I'll bet she's sick and tired of this business as I am. If she ain't had enough of the old woman and that stuckup little chit of a Beth by this time I'm no good as a guesser. I know Emma. They must have baited her to death."

"Maybe, but if they have she hasn't told me about it, and she doesn't carry it on her countenance so's you'd notice it."

"Jimmy, I must see her. Tell me where she is."

"You can't find out from me. I'd tell you willingly enough, but she served an injunction on me ages before you came here, and I'm not going to put myself in contempt of court."

Brooks jumped up and nervously knocked the ash from his cigar on to a tray.

"You've known Emma and me for over six years, Jimmy," he said. "And you know all about us and how happy we were together—how I tried to make her happy, risked everything for her. You were always a good friend to both of us. That's why I'm here—that's why I'm going to ask you to do me a favor. Will you?"

"Joe, I'll do anything within the bounds of reason."

"I knew you wouldn't refuse. I want you to see Emma alone—not with her mother and Beth around; they'd queer everything. I want you to ask her to let bygones be bygones and come back to me. We'll begin all over again, and this time we'll begin right. Tell her I'm well fixed. I'm ahead of the game. I've got money by—earned and saved it—and a good place. There'll be no more hard pulling like there was in the old time. Tell her I'm more sorry than I can express for our little misunderstanding—sorry and miserable. Tell her I love her more than ever and that if she will see me she will understand."

Smith nodded assent.

"And, Jimmy, put in a good word for me—plead for me—do it as if it was for yourself. Emma will listen to you when she won't to any one else. You know she thinks a whole lot of you. Will you do this for me?"

"Yes, I'll do it, Joe."

"Soon?"

"Let's see; this is Tuesday. I'll see her Sunday—go on purpose."

Brooks went to him and seized his hand with both his own.

"Jimmy, you are the best ever!" he exclaimed fervently. "I knew I could count on you. I'll never forget this turn you're doing me—never! And Emma will appreciate it too. Good night and God bless you."

He wrung Smith's hand again.

At the door he turned with this recommendation:

"Don't forget, Jimmy. Plead with her as if it was for yourself."

Smith sat staring straight before him for an hour.

CHAPTER XX.

U P in the Catskills the sun had the whole sky to itself. Everything presaged a hot day.

Early though the hour was—the clock had not yet struck 6—Emma was out on the piazza, dressed for walking. She wore a cool, clinging costume of pale straw colored tussah so short that it descended little below the tops of her high buttoned light tan shoes. A soft felt hat, such as men travelers roll up and carry in their pockets, was secured to her fair hair by a hairpin, and its limp border hung down and shaded her eyes. These, of a blue that rivaled the heavens, were sparkling with admiration of the scene, and her cheeks glowed with health. She made a lovely picture as she stood gazing out into the valley. Jimmy Smith, who had stopped on the road above on his way from the hotel, where he had put up the night before and of whose presence there at that moment she was quite unconscious, thought he had never seen any picture so beautiful in all his life. But, then, Jimmy's judgment was biased. He had always considered Emma pretty and found something to admire in her even when, with grimy hands and in soiled cotton dress, she was engaged in the unpoetical occupation of polishing the kitchen stove.

Beth, her hair twisted into little wave knots with queer pins and attired in a pink wrapper, joined her.

"Why don't you get your things on and come with us?" urged Emma. "Jimmy will be here at 6 o'clock."

"Me? North mountain? No, thank you! I had enough walking yesterday. I'm going to church; mother's coming too. We didn't go last Sunday, and the whole park will be gossiping if the family isn't represented sometimes by some one or other. They'll think we're all pagans. Besides, I'm going to wear the new gown Jimmy brought up for me from the dressmaker's. Wasn't it lucky he was coming? It wouldn't have been here till Tuesday or Wednesday. That man's always on hand just when he's wanted. Won't those Parsons girls stare?"

Jimmy walked down through the laurel bower.

"Beth," he said by way of salutation, "that's the most common sense mountain climbing outfit I ever saw."

"It's very rude to make remarks about people's clothing when they're not dressed to receive," she retorted. "You're not privileged to express any opinion. It's too early. But it's quite impossible to stay abed with Emma carrying on as if it was the middle of the day. She's been humming all over the house since 5 o'clock, and all that because she's going for a climb."

"Why, she hasn't slept a wink thinking of her new dress," laughed Emma.

"Well, Beth, by the time you've got your halo out of curl and settle down

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which we desire to call to your attention. There is everything from Taffy to the most exquisite Hand Made Chocolates, something for everybody's sweet tooth, so come in.

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Notice of Final Settlement

Notice is hereby given that I, Wm. E. Lloyd, administrator of the estate of John Norton, deceased, have filed with the Probate Court, Wrangell Precinct, District of Alaska, my final account, and the Court has set April 25th, 1910, the day for hearing objections: Therefore, all persons having objections thereto are cited to appear on that date at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Court House at Wrangell, Alaska.

Dated February 24, 1910.

WM. E. LLOYD,
Administrator of the Estate
of John Norton, Deceased.

3-31

Fined By Revenue Cutter

Because the whistle on the gas boat Marion, of Petersburg, was frozen up thus preventing her answering the signal of the revenue cutter Rush on her last trip south, the boat was fined \$200, and compelled to come to Wrangell Saturday to square matters up.

The steamer Northland was in port Friday, having brought freight for local people and West Coast points. She left 60 tons of British Columbia coal for Johnnie Grant.

The heavy snow of Friday night and Saturday delayed the Jefferson several hours on her down trip.

Jeff Casson was a passenger for the Sound country on the Jefferson. He expects to be gone several weeks.

"Darbey" Chaquette is taking in the sights down on the Sound. He sailed on the Jefferson.

If the Humboldt is able to get the business for the balance of the season which she secured the first trip, 1910 will be a record breaker for her. She carried south over four hundred boxes of fresh fish alone, besides other freight and a fair passenger list both ways.

The eleventh anniversary of the founding of the Arctic Brotherhood was celebrated by Camp Skagway No. 1 on Saturday evening, Feb. 26, by a banquet of "malamute stew."

Schooner For Sale

The schooner Ragnhild is offered for sale at a reasonable figure. She is 36 feet long, with a beam of 11 ft. 6 inches, and a 9 h. p. Truscott engine. She is thoroughly equipped with sails, rigging, sidelights anchors and cable, batteries and magneto, air, naphtha and gasoline tanks, whistle, engine tools and cook stove, etc. She is to be seen near the local electric power house, and the price and other particulars can be learned from either Joe Ensley or Orval Palmer.

Washing and ironing, pressing, cleaning and plain sewing at Mrs. Wm. Lewis'.

Louis Levy, representing Joseph Ullmann, the big New York FUR buyer, will spend the winter in Southeastern Alaska, making frequent calls at Wrangell.

Patenaude carries the best in Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes, and Smokers' supplies in general.

When in need of a tombstone for your departed one, write to the Juneau Marble works, James Hogan, proprietor, Juneau, Alaska. Designs and prices furnished on application

Notice

To claimants of land in Wrangell townsite. Time in which to file applications for deeds is extended thirty days from the date of this notice, after which allotments will be made or rejected on all applications on file, and deeds issued on payment of assessments. Contest cases will then be heard, and a report made of all unoccupied lands; lands allotted, assessments remaining unpaid; and lands occupied and not applied for. When the Commissioner of the General Land Office will appoint a time for, and the conditions under which the lands still remaining vacant will be sold at public auction.

Wrangell Alaska, Feb. 17, 1910.

Marcus Fayette Inman.

Townsite Trustee.

Notice of Final Settlement

Notice is hereby given that I, John Thormodsater, administrator of the estate of Erick Peterson, deceased, have filed in the Probate Court, Wrangell Precinct, Alaska, my final account, and the Court has set April 18th, 1910, as the day for hearing objections thereto. All persons are cited to appear on that date at two o'clock at the Courthouse, Wrangell, Alaska, and file their objections, if any, to said account.

Dated February 12, 1910.

John Thormodsater,

Administrator Aforesaid.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the United States Commissioner's Court, Wrangell Precinct, First Division, District of Alaska.

IN PROBATE

In the matter of the estate of Charles Hicks, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN

That I, C. E. Weber, of the town of Wrangell, District of Alaska, have been duly appointed special administrator of the above named estate of Charles Hicks, deceased, that letters of administration were granted to me on the 8th day of January, A. D. 1910.

All persons having claims against said Estate are required to present the same to me at Wrangell, Alaska, or to the U. S. Commissioner for the Wrangell Precinct, District of Alaska, with proper vouchers therewith, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated at Wrangell, Alaska, this 17th day of January, A. D. 1910.

C. E. WEBER,

Special Administrator of the above named estate.

In the Probate Court for the District of Alaska, Division No. One, Wrangell Precinct.

In the Matter of the Estate of Rufus Sylvester, Deceased.

TO ALL PERSONS WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

Please Take Notice that on the 27th day of January, 1910, by an order duly made and entered by the Probate Court for the Wrangell Commissioner's Precinct, District and Division aforesaid, I was duly appointed Administrator of the goods, chattels and credits and estate of Rufus Sylvester, deceased, to fill the vacancy in the administration of said estate caused by the removal of Samuel Sylvester as executor of the last will and testament of the said Rufus Sylvester, deceased, and that on the 29th day of January, 1910, I duly qualified as such administrator under said appointment.

All persons having claims against said estate should present the same, with proper vouchers therefor, to me at my place of business in said Town of Wrangell, within six (6) months from the date hereof.

Dated at Wrangell, Alaska, this 31st day of January, A. D. 1910.

L. C. PATENAUDE,

Administrator.

3-3

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SOUR DOUGH

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Small, 2 hole top, 21x14 inches, \$7.50

Large, 4 hole top, 23x18 inches, \$10.00

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